Vrſula Why did you ſo, dooth not the gentleman
Deſerue as full as fortunate a bed,
As euer Beatrice ſhall couch vpon?
Hero O God of loue! I know he doth deſerue,
As much as may be yeelded to a man:
But nature neuer framde a womans hart,
Of prowder ſtuffe then that of Beatrice:
Diſdaine and Scorne ride ſparkling in her eies,
Miſpriſing what they looke on and her wit
Valewes it ſelfe ſo highly, that to her
All matter els ſeemes weake: ſhe cannot loue,
Nor take no ſhape nor proiect of affection,
She is ſo ſelfe indeared.
Vrſula Sure I thinke ſo,
And therefore certainely it were not good,
She knew his loue leſt ſheele make ſport at it.
Hero Why you ſpeake truth, I neuer yet ſaw man,
How wiſe, how noble, yong, how rarely featured,
But ſhe would ſpel him backward: if faire faced,
She would ſweare the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter:
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an antique,
Made a foule blot: if tall, a launce ill headed:
If low, an agot very vildly cut:
If ſpeaking, why a vane blowne with all winds:
If ſilent, why a blocke moued with none:
So turnes ſhe euery man the wrong ſide out,
And neuer giues to Truth and Vertue, that
Which ſimpleneſſe and merite purchaſeth.
Vrſula Sure, ſure, ſuch carping is not commendable.
Hero No not to be ſo odde, and from all faſhions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable,
But who dare tell her ſo? if I ſhould ſpeake,
She would mocke me into ayre, O ſhe would laugh me
Out of my ſelfe, preſſe me to death with wit,
Therefore let Benedicke like couerd fire,
Conſume away in ſighes, waſte inwardly:
It were a better death, then die with mockes,

Which

Which is as bad as die with tickling.
Vrſula Yet tel her of it, heare wh
Hero No rather I will go to Ben
And counſaile him to fight againſt
And truly ile deuiſe ſome honeſt ſla
To ſtaine my coſin with, one doth n
How much an ill word may impoiſ
Vrſula O do not do your coſin
She cannot be ſo much without tru
Hauing ſo ſwift and excellent a wi
As ſhe is priſde to haue as to refuſe
So rare a gentleman as ſignior Ben
Hero He is the onely man of It
Alwaies excepted my deare Claud
Vrſula I pray you be not angry
Speaking my fancy: ſignior Bened
For ſhape, for bearing argument a
Goes formoſt in report through I
Hero Indeed he hath an excell
Vrſula His excellence did ear ne
When are you married madame?
Hero Why euery day to morro
Ile ſhew thee ſome attyres, and hau
Which is the beſt to furniſh me to
Vrſula Shees limed I warrant y
We haue caught her madame.
Hero If it proue ſo, then louing
Some Cupid kills with arrowes, ſo
Beat. What fire is in mine eare
Stand I condemn'd for pride and
Contempt, farewel, and maiden p
No glory liues behind the backe
And Benedicke, loue on I will re
Taming my wild heart to thy loui
If thou doſt loue, my kindneſſe ſh
To bind our loues vp in a holy b
For others ſay thou doſt deſerue,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Much Ado About Nothing* (STC 22304) LONDON, 1600 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH